

Which 1400. yeres agoe were nail'd,  
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:  
But this our purpose is but twelue months old,  
And bootelesse 'tis to tell you we will goe.  
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmerland*,  
What yesternight our Councell did decree,  
In forwarding his deare expedience.

*West.* My Liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe  
But yesternight, when all athwart, there came  
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;  
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,  
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight  
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered:  
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shamelesse transformation  
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be  
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle  
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.

*West.* This match with other like, my Gracious Lord,  
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there  
Yong *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,  
That euery valiant and approued *Scot*,  
At *Holmes-dou* met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:  
As by discharge of their Artillery,  
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,  
Vncertane of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,  
*Sir Water Blunt*, newly lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd

stain'd with the variations of each  
Betwixt that *Holmes-dou*, and this  
And he hath brought vs smooch a  
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomf  
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two an  
Balkt in their owne blood, did si  
On *Holmes-dou* plaine: of prisoner  
*Mordake* Earle of *Fife*, and eldes  
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle  
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menieith*  
And is not this an honorable spo  
A gallant prize? Ha, Cousin, is it

*West.* A Conquest for a Prince

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st m  
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumb*  
Should be the Father of so blest a  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of H  
Amongst a Groue, the very straigh  
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion,  
Whilft I by looking on the prayse  
See Ryot and dishonour staine the  
Of my yong *Harry*, O that it cou  
That some night-tripping *Fairy* h  
In cradle cloathes our children w  
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantag  
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and  
But let him from my thoughts: V  
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The  
Which he in this aduentre hath  
To his owne vse he keepe, and se  
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Ea

*West.* This is his Vnkles teaching  
Malevolent to you in all aspects:  
Which makes him prune himself  
The crest of Youth against your d

*King.* But I haue sent for him  
And for this cause a while we mu  
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.

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